G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1854.

NO. 1.

## WASHINGTON, D. C.

No writer can be more welcome to our isite poem.—Ed. Era.

> For the National Era. THE WATCHER.

rn and weary sat the watcher, with her head upon

r sad eyes, intensely wakeful, the pale brow before lone taper, faintly beaming, threw strange fig-

nd shadowy, grim and ghastly, quivering, quaking, in the gloom,

midnight bell, at in peals of wild distinctness on the start

the hand, transparent, tossing, lay be the fever-visions vanished—fled before affection's

low she glided round the chamber, as on floating

breath he drew

ely? Nay, she was not lonely, though the about her slept, ugh in grand and awful silence stars along their

ght's calm and holy presence with her thoughts

the resims of light, rding on her spirit's armor, pouring radian

life they gave—
sys and nights, with sleopless vigil, toiled she by an

ad her heart grew strong and stronger, rapt in love's

the labored watched and waited, till the crisis

coul in every tone! the watcher, pale and trembling, soothed and si-

lenged and caressed, with words of murmured music lulled her feeble

charge to rest.

## For the National Era. NEW ENGLAND SKETCHES. SALEM AND HAWTHORNE.

A clear, cold Thanksgiving day, the jolly anksgiving dinner, and in the dusky after-on a walk through the quiet streets, down the mouldering wharves, in the still old city

riches of the Orient, heavily laden with per from Sematra and cinnamon from Cey-or with teas and silks from China, now, your some little coasting schooners, lyily in the smooth harbor, or moored bee wharves, discharging their piles of
from Bangor, or tons of sea coal from
and here and there a dismal brig, just
from Buenos Ayres or from the African

oe of the bluff sea captains, the minia-r William Phippses of the colony—in the sturdy mariners—in place of the the backing nababs of the old days, en-faced Swiss vagrant, beating out

a is something very gloomy, and yet eresting, in the sight of the commercial of this old city of Salem. They bring ht visions of "fifty years ago," when the as rich and prosperous, when every port damis of the Indian ocean was tenanted this of the Indian ocean was tenanted as, when the bluff sea captains smoked pipes and drank their strong punch an tavere, when the rough sailors oir round Spanish oaths, when good or Bentley preached with holy fervor ast sermons beneath the soundingthe old East church, and when the a the East church steeple first shone is eyes of our grandfathers in all the taresplendent gilding, arms had not to seek long nor far he delay of Salem, after material for aing tales. There he was, in the midst in the great brick custom-house on

welt, stands the North bri

en condemned to death. There, in the court-

been condemned to death. There, in the courthouse, are still preserved some of the pins with which the Salem witches were sword to have tormented their victims, and many of the original legal proceedings against them are still there, torn and darkened by age. Years ago, I used often to make demands upon the good nature of the clerks of the courts, by my repeated requests to look at these quaint documents, and a troop of us schoolboye often spent a holyday afternoon in poring over the faded yellow parchments. It must have been a strange sight to the clerk, if he ever thought of it, to see the bright eyed, fresh cheeked urchins deciphering with ouriosity the solemn records of their great-grandfathers' guilt; but I sadly fear that that worthy functionary's head was seldom troubled by any thought more profound than that of getting a shilling apiece for his signatures to legal documents of more modern courts than those which tried the witches. A passage in one of these witch papers particularly impressed itself upon my memory. It was, I think, an order from the sheriff to his deputy, in which he was commanded to take one of the poor witches and hang her by the neck "till she be dead and buried;" and, if I recollect aright, the deputy sheriff subjoined

recollect aright, the deputy sheriff subjoined his testimony that he had executed the orders And there, too, in the upper part of the city, sharply defined against the sky, rises, bleak and barren, the Gallows Hill. In my school-

sharply defined against the eky, rises, bleak and barren, the Gallows Hill. In my schooldays, I have often wandered over it, and lain down on the turf where I imagined that our ancestors executed their victims—imagined, I say; for no one knows the exact spot on the hill where any of them were put to death. As if by some fit dispensation of fatality, no houses have till lately been erected on this Gallows Hill; but it has ever stood solitary and uninhabited since the orimes which it witnessed almost two hundred years ago. But of late years, superstition has proved no barrier to profit, and little cottages are gradually being planted along the hillside, and will before long cover even the summit.

What quainter subjects, then, could have employed Hawthorne's pen, than he found in ancient Salem city? The witch-judges' chambers where the courts were held, the legal records of the trials, the place of the executions, the bleak hill where the almost saintly George Burroughs suffered, while grim Cotton Mather rode around the scaffold, haranguing the people, and proclaiming to them that the heroic bearing of the prisoner only showed that the devil eften transformed himself into an angel of light. All the scenery of the witch tragedy is in Salem still. Only the actors are wanting, and their grave-stones have hardly yet mouldered away.

And in the old town there are a thousand

dered away.

And in the old town there are a tho And in the old town there are a thousand other relies of the Puritan age of New England: the tangled knot of narrow, crooked streets, laid out, they say, according to the cowpaths; the quaint, many-gabled houses, stocked with stiff-backed, puritanically-agonizing chairs, the low rooms crossed and recrossed by the heavy oaken beams of the frame-work; and any quantity of furniture which not only purports to have been "brought over in the Mayflower," but which attests, by its venerable aspect, that it did indeed come from England in some nearly as ancient conveyance as that famous vessel. And there, beneath where now stande a gray stone church, tradition says that the gentle Lady Arabella lies, the daughter of an Earl of Lincoln, who forsook her all in the Old World—family, friends, wealth, high social position—and came, among the first settlers. position—and came, among the first settlers, to New England, with her husband, Richard Johnson, for the sake of religious freedom, and soon died, her tender frame unable to endure the cruel hardships of the rough settler's life—the same gentle Lady Arabella whose story Hawthorne has told in his Grandfather's Chair.

And in Salem, many dim legends of the old times still linger. Mr. Upham, in his well-known Lectures on Witcheraft, speaking of the existence of traditionary tales concerning the experiments of our ancestors in diablerie

"It is not probable that a larger number of traditions of the kind are to be found, within similar limits in any part of the world, than in

And he remarks, still further, that this is es and he remarks, will further, that this is especially the case in the sea faring towns which line the coast of the county. But not alone legends of feats in witcheraft. Other ancient tales are still told there. I remember one, which may prove not uninteresting to the readers of the House of the Seven Gables.

Near the corner of Essex and Beckford streets, in Salem, stood, until lately, a large square house, built scores of years ago, in which it is said that a Pyncheon family once lived, it is said that a Pynebeon family once lived, the head of which was named Gervaise, or Gooffrey. He had an only daughter—Alice—very young, and very beautiful, with whom a young physician of the town had fallen in love. The physician was poor, and the father was proud, and the lady was forbidden to entertain any thoughts of her lover, and was imprisoned in her chamber, until at last she pined away and died. On the day of the funeral, her father, passing hurriedly down the paved Main street, met the lover, and tauntingly asked him, before the crowd, to become one of her pall-bearers; but the answer returned by the physician was, "That he could not hear upon his whoulders that which lay so near his heart."

It cannot be difficult to trace here, in the father, the daughter, and the laver, Hawthorne's Gervayse and Alice Pynobeon and Matthew

Gervayse and Alice Pynchesa and Matthew Maule. Even the name of the lady has been preserved; but over the old story his beautiful fancy has thrown a wierd charm, and has wo-

ven from it a most romantic tale.

The curse of old Matthew Maule I recognis as suggested by the account of one of a num-ber of women who were brought to trial for witcheraft, on June 30th, 1692. Hutchinson, in his History of the Province of Massachusetts

Bay, says:

"One of these women being told at her execution, by the minister, Mr. Noyes, that he knew she was a witch, and therefore advised her to confess, she replied, that he hied and that she was no more a witch than he was a wizard; and if he took away her life, God would give him blood to drink."

And, in a note, he adds: "They have a tradition among the people of Salem, that a peculiar circumstance attended the death of this gentleman, he having been choked with blood, which makes them suppose r, if not a witch, a Pythonissa, at least in

her, if not a witch, a Pythonissa, at least in this instance."

Mr. Upham, in his Lectures, from which I have once already quoted, tells substantially the same story, and attributes the sayin, to Sarah Good. The Mr. Noyes referred to was junior pastor of the First church at Saleman position subsequently occupied by Mr. Upham himself—and was particularly prominent to the delusion. It is said of him, that he "was very active to prevent a revulsion of the public mind, or even the least diminution of the popular violence against the supposed witches."

At a later period when the excitement was

lar violence against the supposed witches.

At a later period, when the excitement was dispelled, and the people began to see clearly their guilt and folly, it is recorded that he bit-

residue of his life to bless mankind."

Although Hawthorne, in his preface to the House of the Seven Gables, says that it was built "of materials long in use for constructing castles in the air," still, I trest that I do not commit an unpardonable offence if I suggest what I think may probably have been the framework of this aerial edifice. Uncle Venner's farm house, which would in common parlance, I suppose, be called the poor house, was, it will perhaps be remembered, distinctly visible from the windows of the Pyncheon mansion; and when I first read the House of the Seven Gables, and noticed this fact, I could not but think that the author must have had in his mind the thought of a most singular old house which, until lately, stood cornering on a cross street at, the lower end of the city, directly overlooking the Salem poor-house and its farm, a bend of the harber flowing between. It was a spacious mansion, with a many gabled a bend of the harbor flowing between. It was a spacious mansion, with a many gabled roof, bedecked with all kinds of peaks and pinnacles, and was a very curious specimen of the architectural ideas of our ancesters. I remember it as gloomy, mess-covered, and dilapidatel, with all the out-buildings and fences around it in a similar state of decay. It was built by Philip English, at some time in the latter half of the seventeenth century. He was a gentleman of education and fortune, but had created some local enemies, who caused his wife to be arrested on a charge of witcheraft, in 1692. Her husband secreted himself, and many attempts were ineffectually made to craft, in 1692. Her husband secreted himself, and many attempts were ineffectually made to discover him. Being convinced that he could do nothing to save his wife, he at last surrendered himself to the magistrates, and declared his determination to die with her. But before her trial, they made their escape. It is said that the horse on which he fled was shod with shoes reversed, in order that the tracks might deceive his pursuers. They returned to Salem afterwards, and regained possession of their property. A few years ago, this old English house was torn down. I well remember some tiles of a chimney piece in my father's house, which were taken from it, and the almost night mare-like horror with which I used, night-mare-like horror with which I used, when a boy, to regard them, as if I half ex-pected some one of the seven stern witch judges to start into life again before me. Some sixty

days," it has passed through very many hands at one time being transformed into the "Ship Tavorn," at another occupied as a shop, and then again restored to its former condition as

ties must of necessity number amongst its in-habitants descendants of many old families. Hawthorne is himself descended from one of

Hawthorne is himself descended from one of the most ancient of these. The family name was originally spelt Hathorne, and a Justice Hathorne was one of the seven witch judges.\* Hawthorne's direct ancestors were, like those of most of the Salem families, scafaring men. His father, Nathaniel, whose name the author bears, and his grandfather, were both seacaptains. During the early years of his life, I think until he received an appointment from Collector Bancroft in the Boston custom-house, he resided in an ancient house in the lower part of the city, which is still standing, though, like almost every relie which remains in Salem of the old times, fallen far into decay.

It is a matter of extreme regret that some

It is a matter of extreme regret that some faithful and accurate record has not already been made of the quaint life in Salem half a been made of the quaint life in Salem half a century ago. It was most peculiar in its char-acter. The merchants there having, in most instances, begun their lives by sailing "before the mast," and then rising to be ship-captains, and gaining sufficient property to enable them to venture into trade, and many at last accuto venture into trade, and many at last accumulating immense fortunes, were naturally moulded by their rough lives into hard and unpolished forms. There were all kinds of oddities among them. There was hardly one of them who did not have his peculiar eccentricity. But they have almost all gone. Here and there one lingers still telling his stories of privateering in the English war, and of the East India trade.

During Administration after Administration, the custom-house, the same great brick build.

the custom-house, the same great brick build-ing with which Hawthorne has made every one feel so well acquainted, was the rendezvous to all the ray-headed old sea captains who were left. And there they used to sit, day after day, as Hawthorne describes them, "asleep in their accustomed corners, with their chairs the back entry, a row of them all tipped against the wall, as usual; while the frozer witticisms of past generations were thawed out, and came bubbling with laughter from their

But even the drowsy officials of the Salem oustom-house have been aroused from their slumbers; for when the Democratic end of the see-saw tilted up into the White House, most of them slid off the other end out of office.

of them stid off the other end out of office.

The sturdy old collector, the gallant General of the English war, has been laid away beneath the turf these two years past. The stout florid-cheeked inspector, the "wonderful specimen of winter-green," has eaten his last dinner, and gone with the collector; and the junior elerk, that "young gentleman who, it was whispered, occasionally covered a sheet of Uncle Sam's letter paper with what (at the distance of a few yards) looked very much like poetry," now scribbles his ditties on paper of his own. A new regime has been introduced. Even the decaying building itself has been brightened in appearance by the addition of a few coats of

\* In Hutchinson's History, however, an edition of which, published in 1768, I have before me, his name was speit like the author's, Hawthorne. But since writing the above, I have been shown several significances of his, in which his name is spelt without the refer was an ancestor of the author, and is mentioned in him in the Introduction to the Scarlet Letter.

who soulptured it ever designed.

And Hawthorne has of his former home, too, apparently forever. But I believe that, with all its faults, Salem is a cert old city still to him, and that he will return to it again, if not from love, from instinct. As he himself has said of the tenacity with whom the descendant of one of the old Pilgein families, who settled there allows to the soil of the region town.

one of the old Pilgrim families, who settled there, clings to the soil of the ancient town—
"It is no matter that he place is joyless for him; that he is wear, of the old wooden houses, the mud and dut, the dead level of site and sentiment, the children wind, and the children for the children whatever faults he in see or imagine, are nothing to the purces. The spell survives, and just as powerfully as it the natal spot were an earthly Paradise."

And applying this to himself, he has said—

an earthly Paradise."

And applying this to himself, he has said—

'So has it been in my case. I felt it almost as a destiny to make Salem my home; so that the mould of features and cast of character which had all along been familiar her—ever as one representative of the race lay down in his grave, another assuming as it were, his sentry march along the main street—might still in my little day be seen and recognised in the old town."

## THE SLAVE QUESTION.

REMARKS OF MR. PRESTON, OF KENTUCKY.

legislative attention.
Living, as I do, in a State recognising Slavery, and firmly convinced, as I am, of the Living, as I do, in a State recognising to start into life again before me. Some sixty or seventy years ago, it was completed by a me-obanic, whose stock in trade was undoubtedly more valuable than Hepabahr's assortment of pipes and thread and Jim Crows, inasmuch as the pursued the worthy calling of a silversmith. And Hepabahr's cent shop—there in the city, now, is many just such a shop, presided over by just such a shop, presided over by just such a shop, presided over by just such as shop, p

ment planned by patriots and statesmen, and cemented by the public prosperity.

Enthusiasm, sir, is respectable, even in error.
It is attractive when clothed in the fullness of appropriate language, and marked by elequent delivery; but this should not blind us to the delivery; but this should not blind us to the pernicious sentiments contained in the remarks we have heard. The gentleman from New York has sought to institute a parallel between the principles of Abelition and those contained in the letter of the Secretary of State to the Chevalier Hulsemann, in relation to the surrender of Martin Kossta. To institute a comparison which would unite principles so dissimilar would be to create a moneter in the political contained. ilar, would be to create a monster in the political world more deformed than the Siamese

twins in the physical world.

The sum of the doctrine in the Kozzia letter. The sum of the doctrine in the Koezta letter, as asserted by the American Secretary, is, that Martin Koezta, having taken the initiatory steps to become a citizen of the United States, and having filed his declaration of intention in our courte, became clothed with such a nationality that, having gone into the city of Smyrna, in the peaceful pursuit of business or of pleasure, that he was still under the protecting power of the American flag, and beyond recapture by the power of Austria. But, let me ask the gentleman, if a treaty had existed between gentleman, if a treaty had existed between Austria and the Government of the United States, by which the solemn faith of the America Government were pledged to restore such refugees, as we stipulate for the extradition of felons with Great Britain, under the Ashburton treaty, whether, without a violation of faith, we could have refused to surrender the fugitive? There can be but one solution to the question. Yet, have not the States of the American Union something more solemn and more obligatory than a mere treaty to compel the extradition of fagitive slaves; something the extradition of fagitive slaves; something more than a compact, as Webster expounded it in his memorable reply to Hayne; something more solemn and more binding than treaty or compact—the very Constitution itself upon which our Government exists? A sovereign can recede from a treaty or a compact, and no tribunal on earth but itself can judge it; but in our Constitution, the and no tribunal on earth but itself can judge it; but in our Constitution—the most solemn form of obligation that society knows—a tribunal, the Supreme Court, is established to assist in the enforcement of the rights of the people composing the Confederacy. This Constitution, solemnly ratified, guaranties to the slaveholding States the protection of their property, and the extradition of fugitive slaves, when they escape into sister States where the institution is not recognised. Shall those solemn promises be fulfilled?—or shall the pseudophilanthropist, with the Bible in his hand—the Bible upon which the founders of our Govern-Bible upon which the founders of our Govern-ment, and the two hundred and thirty-eight gentlemen here assembled, were sworn to sup-port the Constitution—invoke our body to disregard its precept, and commit meditated per-jury by violating its provisions? Yet such is the morality that fanatical enthusiasm pro-

The logic of the Secretary of State has been The logic of the Secretary of State has been assailed, upon the ground that he has chosen to place an unwarranted limitation upon the Divine injunction, that you should "do unto others as you would they should do unto you:" yet I would ask of the gentleman who has so keenly criticised the expression, if it is not a plain matter to an unsuphisticated mind, that we should fulfit the premises that we make to others? And if, under this principle, the people of the North are not merally bound to fulfill their promises to their Southern brothers.

The correspondence in relation to the seizure of Koezta does hopor to the Administration and

terly repented, and Dr. Bentley speaks of him thus:

"Mr. Noyes came out and publicly confessed his error; never excused himself; visited, loved, blessed the survivors whom he had injured; asked forgiveness always, and consecrated the residue of his life to bless mankind."

Although Hawthorne, in his preface to the Although Hawthorne, in his preface to the And Hawthorne has left his former home too.

And Hawthorne has left his former home too. maintains that a subject has no power to divest himself of the allegiance due to the Government under whose jurisdiction he is born. It is clear that if Koszta had received his final letter of naturalization, that, according to our theory, it' was undoubtedly our duty to protect him. Until the year 1848, our naturalization laws required an alien to reside in the United States continuously for five years before the linal let-

continuously for five years before the final letters were granted. Any non-residence or absence from our jurisdiction vitiated his rights. In 1848, an act was passed by Congress, permitting the time to be computed during the absence of the alien, which, by implication, authorized him to go to dead during the period of his acquiring citizenship. This act, as I conceive, gave full authority to Koszta to visit Smyrna, and the United States were as much bound to afford him the protection of our Gov. Smyrns, and the United States were as Inuch bound to afford him the protection of our Government, as they would have been to an alien fully naturalized, or to a native citizen.

The gentleman from New York, Mr. Chairman, has not only criticised the letter of the

Secretary, but has chosen to make this the occasion for a general denunciation of the in-stitution of slavery in the Southern States. I know, sir, that the subject is trite and ex-hausted, but I feel unwilling that the remarks which he has uttered should pass without

some reply.

The Southern States, since their earliest co-REMARKS OF MR. PRESTON, OF KENTUCKY,

Delivered in the Ho. of Reps., Dec. 20, 1853.

The House being in Committee of the Whole on the President's Message, Mr. Gerrit Smith addressed the Committee. Having concluded—

Mr. PRESTON said:

I have listened, Mr. Chairman, not without a certain degree of interest, to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Smith] who has just addressed the Committee, and I now desire its indulgence for a brief response, though nothing could have been further from my intentions than the design of offering any remarks to-day in relation to any subject that engages the legislative attention.

Living, as I do, in a State recognising

trate the means by which the civilization of nations is directed by Him. We see ourselves

Nothing can be more disastrous to a State than the premature enfranchisement of an enslaved race. They gangrene upon the face of its society, until it perishes under the afflic-tion. It is a historical fact, and worthy of note, that the first Abolitionist was the first per-son who introduced African Slavery upon the shores of America. Las Casas, the Bishop of Chiapas, after Cortez conquered Mexico, felt the deepest compassion for the Indians who were allotted as slaves to his Spanish adventurers. He petitioned the King of Spain, that these Indian slaves should be enfranchised, and that the more robust and hardy negroes of the African coast should be imported. His prayer was granted, and it is to him the thraldom of the African in America is to be first attributed. The misfortunes of Mexico at this hour are. in my opinion, attributable in a great measure to the indiscreet philanthropy of Las Casas. The barriers which separated the races were cast down, the Castilian blood no longer ran

pure and unpolluted in the veins of the peo-ple. The great preponderating Mestizo, or mixed race, was engendered; and he who will walk through the streets of Mexico, will see all the horrid results of a debased amalgamated race, as he sees the Mexican of pure Spanish descent spurn from him with his foot, as he would some beast, the loathsome Mexico that

bstructs the way. But let me turn for a moment from a consideration of this picture, and ask if our forefa-thers had framed the wise and beneficent Government we enjoy, if to-morrow the Ohio were the military line of demarcation between the North and South, as the Rhine between Ger-many and France, if forts were erected, cus-tom-houses established, and armies posted—it union were proposed to remedy all these evils, would it be accepted? If we were assembled as delegates, and the South were to demand the same terms our Constitution guaranties, and the regulation of our own domestic institutions, can we for a moment doubt that, after all the benefits we have experienced, the North would not be willing and anxious to accede to its provisions? Or would we of the Southforgetful of the gallant spirit of our forefathers who planted the Southern Colonies, and whose descendants, surmounting the crests of the Al-leghanies, bore civilization and religion into the primeval forests of the West, until they were borne over Kentucky and Missouri, even to the golden shores of California—prove recreant to the glorious memories of the past, and submit to dishonorable dictation?

submit to dishonorable dictation?

I respect the generosity of emotion that seems to move the gentleman from New York, decisively as I differ from every sentiment he utters; but I must say, that the ubolition of African Slavery, and its agitation, are fraught only with the most pernicious consequences to our common country. I live in a State in which the institution of Slavery exists, in which we have stood by our Southern brethren, and will stand by them in the defence of our rights; and that, if Slavery he not perpetual, the hand of Time will do more for the cause than the misdirected efforts of philanthropy than the misdirected efforts of philanthropy or fanaticism. We may aptly say, when w point to the ameliorations wrought already by ime in the condition of our slaves,

"Turne, quod optanti Divûm promittere nome Auderet, volvenda dies en attutil ultro."

I trust, Mr. Chairman, that this topic no longer be the subject of agitation; for I feel assured that if it is continued it will overwhelm the institutions we have inherited from our wise and astriotic ancestors, in irretrieva-

GEORGE W. JULIAN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Centreville, Indiana,

WILL attend to the securing and collecting of claims, and all other business intrusted to his care, in the counties of Wayne, Randolph, Henry. Union, and Fayette, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Indianapolis.

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A NY person who will send his address, and one A dollar in an envelope, post paid, to E. JORDAN, Newbury, Vermont, shall have sent him by mail, post paid, in return, a paper informing him—1st, how to make four qualities of feed for bees, costing from 3 to 6 cents per lb., from which good honey is produced; 2d, giving information how to use the feed with any common hive, with drawers; 3d, giving information how to prevent fighting and robbing while in the process of feeding. Knowing that multitudes are desirous to obtain the above information, and that it is more than an equivalent for the dollar asked, no apology is needed for this notice. Please send a gold dollar, or a current bill on some New England bank, when possible.

Nov. 17.

E JORDAN.

THE NEW YORK MUSICAL REVI. W

CHORAL ADVOCATE

CHORAL ABVOCATE

Is the cheapest and best Musical Paper in the world. This Journal, which has heretofore been published monthly, commences its fifth year in January next, and thenceforward it will be published every two weeks—on every other Thursday; thereby giving more than twice as much matter, without any increase in price. Each number contains sixteen quarto pages, lour of which are new music, consisting of glees, hymn tunes, chants, anthems, dedication and holyday pieces, and, in short, every variety of music adapted to purposes of religious worship, to public occasions, and to the home circle; all of which will be of a practical character, and such as can be sung by persons of ordinary musical attainments. In the editorial department of the Review are engaged (in addition to Mr. Cady, the former editor) gentlemen of the highest talent and ripost musical experience, among whom are George F. Root, William B. Bradbury. Thomas Hastings, and Lowell Mason, and its circle of correspondence, home and foreign, is complete. The Review will also be a regular medium for the announcement of new musical publications by all the leading publishing houses in the Union. The subscription list of this paper is now larger than that of any similar journal in the world, and the new arrangements, rendering it the cheapest as well as (it is hoped) the most valuable musical paper ever published, must largely increase its already unparalleled circulation.

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MASON BROTHERS,

Dec. 22.

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These Receipts will be sent to any one who will enclose one dollar, post paid, to the subscriber. All the articles for the preparation of the above Receipts can be obtained at drug stores generally.

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NOTICE. DANIEL R. GOODLOE, Attorney and Coun

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PRACTICES in the Courts of the District of Co
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